

# DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

### A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 130)

The regeneration of the fugued style preceded that of the melodic. Music first attained to melody with PERGOLESE and HASSE, when the old tree of counterpoint had exhausted all its energy in the production of the fruits which crowned it after eight centuries of growth.

A constantly extended application of melody

to the fugued style led this gradually out from the state of *unmeaningness*, into that of *expression*. Instead of arbitrarily stringing together whole rows of notes, as formerly; instead of arranging the voices as chance dictated, or selecting them merely with a view to facilitate the contrapuntal treatment, the fugue-writers were obliged to combine themes or subjects, that is to say, short melodic sentences, which in themselves had a form, a sense, a character, since they were already taken from the modern scale. They soon discovered that, if the canonical imitation is a principle of inexhaustible variety, there is still another principle of contrast, which springs from the union or the opposition of two or more themes different in their design. From this double principle sprang naturally by degrees all the laws of our present so-called *polyphonic* fugue. The subject and the answer, which contributed to the imitation, met in a counter-subject, which served to furnish the contrast. But since it was unavoidable, that the subject, when repeatedly heard, grew wearisome to the ear, they had to introduce points of rest and supply its place *ad interim* by a third agent, which they called the *intermediate harmony*. The duration of these interruptions; the re-entrance of the subject in the course of a new development; the order, in which the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and and companion) had to succeed and alternate with one another in all the parts of which the fugue consists, were subjected to the laws of the *rebounding stroke*. Finally, to regulate the transpositions or the alternations of the figures between the voices, they added to the law-book of the art of composition, a supplementary chapter, treating of double counterpoint. Such are the main elements and the most essential laws of the periodical fugue. A multitude of learned combinations can be introduced, the most difficult refinements of the old Canon may be woven in, which indeed to a certain extent is unavoidable, if the fugue consists of several themes and has many developments, or if the contrapuntal interest must go on steadily *crescendo*. This they call a *worked-up* fugue, *fuga ricercata*. Moreover there are but few composers who have found the Beautiful upon the path of JOSQUIN, so that I fear it is almost superfluous for me to repeat with BOILEAU: "There are only some three of them, that I can name."

To Italy again belongs the honor of having produced the greatest composers of the seventeenth century: ALLEGRI, BENEVOLE, the two

BERNABEI and some others, but above all, FRES-COBALDI, the venerable father of the fuguists and organists, who after him distinguished themselves in the contrapuntal style regenerated through melody. The works of these men will always deserve the most earnest study, although their fugues at this day would not stand the test of execution. They would lack effect, first, because the themes are not melodious and therefore not characteristic enough, and secondly, because the happiest successes in this style depend on those of instrumental music with the grand orchestra, which at that time was next to nothing. A fugue would not tell much upon our present musical hearing, unless developed in an imposing mass of voices and instruments, or of instruments alone. Besides mere material effect, which is here of greater consequence than elsewhere, another advantage of treating this style in widely extended relations and with the intervention of all the sonorous instruments, lies in the fact that the themes come out more distinctly, and that there are more means of varying the design, when the combinations and antitheses lie between the choir and the orchestra. There are a great many instrumental figures, which singers cannot execute, while the orchestra, through the variety of its instruments, through the possibility of making seven octaves available, and because at this day it knows scarcely any further insurmountable mechanical difficulties, executes every thing and fills out the short-comings of the singers in all cases.

For us the fugue will always have only a historical interest, and it first begins with BACH and HANDEL to become that musical enjoyment, which we require. With them too, one might say, it ends, for they are to us so much the personification of the kind in the entire purity of its forms and according to the strictness of its laws, that after BACH and HANDEL we scarcely see any one else but still again BACH and HANDEL. They stand there isolated over against their predecessors and followers, and rule in their original sublimity, the century which came after them in the annals of music.

Two men like these require a greater space than I can give them in the biography of another. Besides, they have their own biographers, to whom I hold it my duty to refer the reader, at all events with respect to BACH, whose life has been written and whose style analyzed by FORTKEL with a talent worthy of the historian of Mu-

sic.\* But as a foreigner I cannot accept all the conclusions, to which an excessive patriotism and a sort of not very philosophical contempt for the elegant or what was once called in Germany, the *gallant* style, have led him. Furkel does not confess this, to be sure, but he poorly conceals it. In his extravagance he goes so far, as to call BACH the greatest musical poet, and, what is wholly incomprehensible, the greatest musical declaimer, that has ever lived. BACH a declaimer! He surely never expected such praise.

BURNEY is much more impartial in his estimate of these two masters, both of whom to him were foreigners. The comparison, which they led him to make, is very short, in fact very superficial; but there is a fund of truth in it, which induces me to copy here the few lines, out of which he should have made at least as many pages in his general history.

"HANDEL was perhaps the only great Fugulist exempt from pedantry. He seldom treated barren or crude subjects; his themes being almost always natural and pleasing. SEBASTIAN BACH, on the contrary, like MICHAEL ANGELO in painting, disclaimed facility so much, that his genius never stooped to the easy and graceful. I never have seen a fugue by this learned and powerful author upon a *motivo*, that is natural and *chantant*; or even an easy and obvious passage, that is not loaded with crude and difficult accompaniments."

Without pretending to exhaust a comparison, which would require long commentaries, I must say, that the contrast pointed out by Burney was the result quite as much of the difference of the genius of the two masters, as of their relative positions. HANDEL, as opera-writer, director, and favorite composer of the nation, would have striven to write in a style popular with those for whom he labored, even if the clearness of his thoughts and style had not already of themselves insured this result. BACH on the contrary, whom no interest of fame or profit brought into contact with the great public, sought no popularity, nor did he feel the need of it. Moreover nothing could have been so repugnant to his character as a man and his nature as an artist, as the means, which might have procured him these things. He loves to fathom the unknown depths of harmony, to try all possible combinations of chords and modulations, with regard to contrapuntal treatment, even if the ear at times makes some resistance. He is learned, through and through; he shows a strength, which frequently degenerates to hardness, a novelty at times startling, a depth far surpassing the intelligence of the common hearer, a greatness and sublimity beyond any musician before him.

If we consider BACH and HANDEL as to their historical significance, we find, that the first was called to solve the problem of the Oratorio, which had come into competition some years before, as GLUCK solved somewhat afterwards the problem of musical Tragedy, which was raised at the same time. Both alike possessed in the highest degree the special talents, which their respective tendencies required.

BACH for his own part busied himself less with the formal applications of music, than with music itself, independently considered, and in the depths of its own peculiar laws. The fountain head of this

master goes farther back than that of HANDEL, since he is in a certain manner the continuator of the Flemish school, which treated the Art in the same spirit and would have treated it with the same power, had the material therefor existed to its hands. Three centuries of progress, to which BACH's single genius added the equivalent of a fourth century, enabled it at length to raise the old Gothic contrapuntal art to the height, where it resembles, in its outward and mysterious majesty, those architectural monuments which were the witnesses of its birth, which served it for a cradle, and which, like itself, received the epithet Gothic, at first in a contemptuous sense, but now synonymous with all that there is grand, and bold, and wonderful in architecture. BACH is the musical patriarch of Lutheranism. His church compositions, compared with the great Catholic masters, express faithfully the spirit of both modes of worship, at a time, in which the Reformation in Germany still retained something of its original hardness.

Such, in general, are about the results of the parallel borrowed from Burney, which I have felt obliged to strengthen with some indispensable features. Even in the finest scores of HANDEL we find rubbish; in the master-works of BACH there is none, and yet Bach is of a more antique coloring than HANDEL. The reason is, because the fashionable musician courted the applause of his public, while the Cantor at the St. Thomas Church in Leipsic required no such thing at the hands of his public, which was composed of scholars and sutalerns, who were in duty bound to obey him, and for the rest, of artists and connoisseurs, whose interest it was to understand him. One was compelled to write much in the taste of his time; the other, from the moment that he attained to his classical maturity, wrote nothing that was not purely in his own taste. A good fortune, we repeat it, which he owed to his position and his character, and to which his works owe their eternal freshness. Alike wonderful in their fugues and in their fugued choruses, although through different means, BACH shows himself, in my opinion, as the greater artist, HANDEL as the greater poet. The creator of the "Messiah" must please more and more universally in the hearing; but the composer of the "Well-tempered Clavichord" and the "Chromatic Fantasia" will interest more deeply in the reading and in a much higher degree excite the admiration of musicians, who would pursue the study of their art as far as possible. Their arias are the weak side of either master. Those of HANDEL, sin, as a general rule, after the manner of the old melodies, by a formalism, which no longer speaks to us; yet you find some among them which are very beautiful, and which yield satisfaction even to the connoisseurs of our day. The arias and duos of BACH, for instance those in his celebrated cantata: *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* (A sure castle is our God), sin very often through an entirely opposite fault. They seem truly to belong to no epoch, so difficult is it to imagine that any one could ever have found any great enjoyment in listening to them. They are not antiquated; for that, which had no youth and no present, can not grow old; they are repugnant and strange. But although BACH only followed his personal inspiration, without troubling himself about what might or might not please, yet he chanced also upon melodies, which by their novelty, grace,

freshness and expression certainly leave the loveliest arias behind them. Is there anything more wonderful, for instance, than the number 26 of the *Passion*, a tenor air with chorus, and the number 33 of the same work: "Air of Zion," that is to say, a fugued duet between soprano and contralto, followed by the sublime chorus: "The lightnings, the thunders in cloud have retreated!" Quite modern music that, and *such* music!

[To be continued.]

### Martin Luther's Discourse on Music.

[Translated from the German.]

I wished from my heart to praise and extol that beautiful and artistic gift of God, the liberal art of music; but I find that it is of such great utility, and is such a noble and majestic art, that I do not know where I should begin or end praising it, or in what manner and form I should praise it, as indeed it meriteth praise and the love and esteem of every one, and I am hence so much overpowered by the rich fulness of the praise of this art, that I cannot extol it sufficiently, for who can say and show all that might be written and spoken on this subject. Yea, even if one would say and show all, he would nevertheless forget much, and it is utterly impossible that this noble art can be praised enough.

In the first place, if we look into the matter, we shall find that this art was, from the beginning of the world, given by God to all and every creature, and created with all from the beginning; for there is nothing in the world which doth not give from itself a sound. Yea, even the air which is in itself invisible and incomprehensible, in which there seemeth to be the least music, that is the least beautiful sound, and which appeareth quite mute and silent, if it be moved and driven through anything, it giveth its own music, its own sound, and that which was before mute, now beginneth to have a voice, and to become music, that it may be heard and comprehended, although it was not heard and comprehended before, and through it doth the spirit reveal great and marvellous secrets, whereof I will not speak at this present.

But the music and sound of animals and of birds in particular, is far more marvellous. Ah! what noble music it is, wherewith the Almighty God in Heaven has endowed his singing-master, the clear nightingale with her young scholars, and all the thousands of birds in the air, so that every race hath its own kind of melody, its own sweet, noble voice, and wondrous "coloring," which no man on earth can comprehend. King David, that precious musician, who at his psaltery and harp singeth and playeth his godly song, beareth witness himself with great admiration and joyousness of spirit, to the wondrous songs of the birds, and in the 104th Psalm thus singeth and prophesieth—"Thereupon sit the birds of heaven and sing among the branches."

But what shall I say of the voice of man in comparison to which all other songs and sounds are to be counted as nought, for God hath endowed it with such music, that his surpassing and incomprehensible goodness and wisdom may not be understood even in this single nature. The philosophers and the learned have toiled much and labored to fathom this wondrous work and art of the human voice, and to find how it is that the air, by such a slight motion of the tongue, and by a still less motion of the neck or throat, and moreover in a manifold fashion, as it is guided and governed by the mind, can with force and might give out words, sounds, and songs, so that they are not only distinctly heard by every one at a great distance; but are also understood. They have only known how to search, but have not been able to find; and no one hath appeared who hath been able to say and to show whence cometh the laughter of man (to say nothing of the weeping), and how it is that man laugheth. They marvel, but cannot explain, and thus the matter remaineth as it was. Those who have more time than we, we recommend to reflect on the immeasurable wisdom of God as displayed

\* Ueber J. S. Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke, 1802.



in this single creature. I merely wished to touch on it briefly.

Now should I speak of the use of this noble art, which is so great, that no one, however eloquent, can set it forth sufficiently, I can show one thing to which experience beareth witness, and that is, that according to the Holy Word of God, nothing deserveth to be so highly praised and extolled as music, and for this reason, that music is the strong and mighty governor of every movement of the human heart, (to say nought of the hearts of beasts at present,) by which man is often governed and overcome, even as it were by a master.

Nothing on earth is stronger, to make the sad joyful, the joyful sad, and the timid bold, to charm the haughty to humility, to calm and quiet hot and excessive love, to lessen envy and hatred, and if any one can recount to me all the emotions of the human heart, by which people are swayed, and driven either to virtue or vice, I will say, that nothing is more mighty than music to curb and govern these same emotions of the mind. Yea, the Holy Ghost himself praiseth and honoreth this noble art, as the instrument of his purpose, leaving witness in the holy scriptures, that his gifts, that is the impelling and incitement to all kinds of virtues, and good works, were by music given to the prophets, as we see in the case of the prophet Elisha, who, when he was about to prophecy, ordered that a minstrel should be brought to him, and when the minstrel played upon the strings then came the hand of the Lord upon him. Again the Scripture sheweth that Satan, who leads people to all vice and badness, is expelled by music, as is seen in the case of King Saul, over whom, when the Spirit of God came, David took the harp, and played with his hand, upon which Saul revived and became better, and the evil spirit left him. Hence, the holy fathers have not in vain set the word of God to music in various ways, that music might always abide with the church, and we have therefore so many precious songs and psalms, which both by the words and the music set the heart of man in motion. In brutes, and in stringed and other instruments, we only hear sound without words. To man alone, above all other creatures was given speech with his voice, that he might know and be able to praise God at the same time with clear melodious discourse, and glorify God's wisdom and goodness, so that beautiful words, and charming sounds might be heard at once.

If we could compare men one with another, and consider the voice of each, so should we find what a noble and manifold creator is God in the distribution of the human voice, and what a great distinction there is in voice, speed, and expression, even though each one shall labor to acquire the manner of another, and to be like him, and to imitate all like the ape. But when the music of nature is sharpened and polished by art, then for the first time will be partly seen and recognized (for wholly comprehend and understood it cannot be) the great and perfect wisdom of God in his marvellous work Music, and that with great admiration. And it is above all marvellous that one shall sing a "*Schlechte Weise*," or a tenor (as the musicians have it), while three, four, or five other voices shall sing likewise, as it were with rejoicings round the said tenor, and play and spring, and adorn the same melody in a wondrous fashion, and lead as it were a heavenly dance, while they meet in friendship and embrace like lovers; so that those who have a little understanding in such matters and are moved, feel greatly astonished, and think there is nothing more extraordinary in the world than such a song adorned by a number of voices. But he who findeth therein no pleasure, and is unmoved at these delightful wonders, must naturally be a dull log who is not worthy to hear such charming music, but only the wild ass-braying of the choral, or the song and music of hounds and hogs.

But I need not say very much more, for the subject and the use of this noble art is far too great and rich to be exhausted in so short a time. Hence I will recommend this art to every one, and to young people in particular, and admonish them that they let this precious, useful, and glad-

some gift of God be to them dear and sacred, as one by the knowledge and practice of which they may at times dispel bad thoughts, and avoid vice and ill company. And also that they may accustom themselves to recognize God the Creator in this his creature, and to praise and extol him, and diligently shun those who are spoiled by unchasteness, and abuse this beautiful nature and art (as unchaste poets pervert their own) to shameful, mad, and lewd love, and moreover that they be certain that the devil hath driven such persons against nature. And forasmuch as nature should and will honor God alone, the Creator of all creatures, with such a noble gift, so are these ill-thriven children and changelings wrought on by Satan that they may rob the Lord God of such a gift, and honor and serve the devil, who is an enemy to God, to nature, and also to this delightful art.

NOTE.—The above curious tract is dated 1558. Rugged and tautological as the style may appear, the translator offers no apology on that account. On the contrary, he regrets that from a pure want of English words to answer to some of the full German repetitions, many an expression is omitted, and that the hard energetic style of the stout old reformer is, strange as it may seem, in a great measure diluted.—*London Musical World*, 1830.

#### TO THE SOUTH WIND.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

O, Southern Wind!

Long hast thou lingered midst these islands fair,

Which lie like jewels in the Indian deep,

Or green waves, all asleep,

Fed by the summer suns and azure air.

O, sweetest Southern Wind!

Wilt thou not now unbind

Thy dark and crowned hair?

Wilt thou not unloose now

In this—the bluest of all hours—

Thy passion-colored flowers?

And shaking the fine fragrance from thy brow,

Kiss our girls' laughing lips and youthful eyes,

And all that world of love which round them lies,

Breathing, and warm, and white, purer than snow.

O, thou sweet Southern Wind!

Come to me, and unbind

The languid blossoms which oppress thy brow.

We, whom the Northern blast

Blows on from night to morn, from morn to eve,

Hearing thee, sometimes grieve

That our brief summer days not long must last;

And yet, perhaps, 't were well

We should not ever dwell

With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny South,

But touch thy odorous mouth

Once—and be gone unto our blasts again,

And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;

And arm us (by enduring) for that pain

Which the bad world sends forth—and all its woe.

#### Lowell Mason.

The New York correspondent of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in a letter of July 14, writes as follows of Mr. LOWELL MASON and his forthcoming musical work:

Mr. Lowell Mason, whom you Bostonians so well know, is engaged upon his crowning musical work. It is to be called "*THE HALLELUJAH*," and will contain the maturest flowerings of a mind of great natural strength and activity, enriched with half a century of assiduous and well directed culture. Mr. Mason is the author of fifty musical works, over forty of which were written and published in Boston, two in London, and four in this city. Among these are the *Boston Academy's Collection*, and the famous *Handel and Haydn Society's Collection*, which ran through thirty-five editions; also, the *Carmina Sacra*, which has had a larger sale than any other music book ever published. Beside editing the fifty books mentioned, Mr. Mason has always been extensively engaged in lecturing and teaching, and how he has ever got through with all his work is a mystery. I have been informed that it

has always been his practice to rise about 8 o'clock and go down to breakfast, where there would be lying beside his plate a batch of music proof, which he would examine and correct while breakfasting. At 9 o'clock, his teaching and other public labors would begin, and continue until dinner time. By the side of his plate at dinner would be another lot of proof, which he would correct as he dined. After dinner, he would again engage in teaching, lecturing, or other business; and at tea there would be more proof to be examined and corrected. After tea, he would give a lesson in music to some class or to his choir, unless otherwise engaged, and then return home and work till midnight, and often till 2 o'clock in the morning. It is said that for twenty years he was never known to spend even a half a day in mere amusement. His labor was a labor of love, and consequently his work was his recreation. It is thus that Mr. Mason has been enabled to write fifty works, instruct thousands in music, lecture far and wide, travel over the United States and Europe, amass a splendid fortune and give away another fortune, for his industry is only equalled by his benevolence. And now, "*The Hallelujah*" is to be the crowning work of this long and useful life. It will doubtless be a magnificent production, worthy of its author and our country, which has thus far taken the lead of all the world in works of Psalmody.

#### Maretzek's New Opera Troupe.

We find in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, (which by the way, is one of the best of our papers,) an account of the new Opera Company at Castle Garden, which seems to us fuller than any that we have seen:

"Taken altogether, we may say that the Castle Garden Company is the best that we have had since the famous Havana Company, upon the *débris* of which we have had to exist for four or five years. It possesses a quality which had become to us almost Utopian—it is *young*; and brings us out from that system of singing ruins to which the speculators in great names appear to wish to devote the United States; instead of a celebrity already in a decline, this company offers to us a union of new artists, who are the more devoted to the public, because they have to stand upon their actual merits alone, and are fuller of emulation, because all of them have the same position and an equal chance. It is far better, as we have often said, to have singers who have yet a reputation to make, than those who bring their renown ready made with them, and live on their superannuated glory.

"Signora VALERIE GOMEZ is not one of those brilliant prime donne who carry the enthusiasm of their audiences by storm, by dint of dazzling roulades. Her voice is far from allowing all those audacious feats of singing to which we have become habituated. But, on the other hand, she possesses those sure and conscientious talents, which attain a success the more solid and durable, for the very reason that they have never been employed in conquering surprise, or in the tricks of the trade. She belongs to the school of Mme. Persiani, which has produced so few pupils, because it is the most difficult, and at first sight the most ungrateful of all. That is to say, she owes more to labor and to art, properly so called, than to nature. In itself, her voice is wanting in force and compass, and perhaps does not possess those vibrating and sympathetic notes, the effect of which is so great that their use has at last been carried even to abuse. But, an exquisite method, a sure taste, and a care which never forgets itself, give to her singing a kind of tranquil charm, which captivates by degrees. In this respect she

nearly approaches Mme. Bosio, but with a higher artistic perfection and less *brío* in the organ. Beside this, like Bosio, Mme. Valerie Gomez is certainly destined to shine at Paris, and perhaps even with a greater éclat.

"What we have said of the *prima donna*, may, in many points, be applied also to her partner *obligé*. Sig. BERALDI is, perhaps, the most complete tenor whom we have had, in this respect, that he unites in himself voice and musical knowledge, two things which we were almost beginning to think entirely incompatible. His organ is of excellent tone; and with more nerve and boldness, and a more certain equality in the transition of the registers, he would produce an electric effect. We are almost obliged to address to Beraldi a reproach, which singers rarely incur—that of a want of confidence in himself. The care with which he sings degenerates almost into hesitation, and he too openly makes the audience assist in the labors of the artist. More warmth and *abandon* would, we think, be quite compatible with the qualities which Beraldi possesses, and would contribute to bring them into bolder relief. Such as he is, however, we think ourselves fortunate in possessing him, and Maretzek deserves especial thanks for having given us such an artist at a time when tenors threaten to become as scarce as the black swan of the poet:

Rara avis in terris, nigro que similima cygno.

"According to the general impression, the most spontaneous success has been that of the baritone, GRAZIANI. We may add, too, that it has been an entirely legitimate success. A full voice, of good tone and well balanced, a large and clear style of singing, great ease both of diction and of action, render Graziani one of those artists who awaken sympathy on first acquaintance. To tell the truth also, he had not to contend against the same prejudices nor to satisfy the same requirements that Gomez and Beraldi were obliged to meet. His part, too, exposed him to fewer dangers. But these observations should not detract from his merits. In *Maria di Rohan*, especially, he proved himself a singer, and an eminent actor.

"In this same opera appeared for the first time the contralto, Signora MARTINI D'ORMY, in the character of Armando de Gondi. There is always in this masculine costume, cavalierly worn by a woman, a prestige and a piquancy that rarely fail to captivate the public. Signora D'ORMY possesses in the highest degree all that can make her shine in the short cloak; the advantage of her figure, boldness of manner, and gallantry of demeanor. Add to this a magnificent voice, and you will easily understand that she has produced a wonderful effect. She brings to the stage, perhaps in excess, precisely what is wanting in Beraldi and Gomez, fire and passion; and her debut was a veritable ovation. Since then she has been judged more coolly, in *Luisa Miller*, and defects are discovered. Her singing is abrupt and ill regulated; she jerks out notes and gestures at the same moment; she is deficient in solid method as a singer, and in control over her action as an actress. But, after all, remains her magnificent organ, and if she is, as is said, at the beginning of her career, and if, as is also said, she works with the devotion of a real artist, we may predict for her one of the finest futures of the Italian opera."

## ANTWERP.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

When pilgrim thoughts retrace their way,  
Where the lone wander, Memory, waits,  
Again as in a by-gone day,  
I stand by Antwerp's ancient gates.

The self-same scene my vision greets,  
The ivied towers, the blackened walls;  
And o'er the long and winding streets,  
The sunset's golden glory falls.

I pause where Rubens silent stands,  
Amid the city's busy mart,  
With soul-lit brow, and folded hands,  
Of Antwerp's noblest fame a part.

I meet again each Flemish face,  
Which well might be the painter's theme;  
Nor softer eyes, nor purer grace,  
Could haunt the poet's raptured dream.

I seek the haunts old painters sought,  
Where Teniers wooed divinest art;  
The spot where Quintin Matsys wrought  
For Love and Fame with giant heart.

The summer's brightest sunbeams gleam  
O'er hoary towers from smiling skies,  
And o'er the Scheldt's delicious stream,  
A golden path of ripples lies.

Then as those gleams of beauty fade  
And soften into twilight time,  
Slow stealing through the gathering shade,  
I hear the bells of vesper chime.

Down from the old cathedral tower,  
Their notes of dream-like music fall,  
The holiest voices of the hour,  
And welcomed like an angel's call.

I mingle with the crowd once more,  
As in that vesper hour gone by;  
And following through the arched door,  
I pause amid them silently.

Through fretted arches high and dim,  
I hear the organ's mighty swells,  
The chorus of the chanted hymn,  
And over all, the chiming bells.

The white-robed priests, the murmured prayer  
The wreathing incense o'er the crowd,  
The shadowy forms of sculpture rare,  
The groups in silent worship bowed.

The pictures shining through the shades,  
Touched by the sunset's fading glow,  
The misty light through long arcades,  
The chequered marble just below.

These touch me with a dreamy spell,  
As 'neath a seraph's wing I bow;  
These lips of mine can never tell  
The silent awe that thrills me now.

The vision fades, the ancient towers  
In evening shadows fade away,  
Again as in the by-gone hours,  
I turn upon my pilgrim way.

Oh, Antwerp! for that hour's dear sake  
I keep thy golden memories yet;  
This heart of mine must chill or break,  
Ere I thy loveliness forget.

N. Haven Journal and Courier.

SINGULAR—An aurist of Berlin became recently the victim of a cure effected upon the ear of a patient. This patient was then deaf. After some months' treatment, the physician took him to the opera, on an evening when one of Spontini's lyric tragedies was to be performed. Spontini, you remember, was the Verdi of his time, and the brass and kettle-drums in his work are rarely allowed a moment of repose. During the first act, and in the midst of a clamorous passage, the physician asked, by signs, if his friend heard the music. No, was the reply. At the end of the second act he repeated his inquiry and received a similar answer. During a grand crescendo in the third act, the physician noticed an extraordinary

expression of delight upon his patient's countenance. What! do you hear? he asked. A nod was the reply.—"Why, what a curious phase of deafness," said the aurist; "the orchestra is not playing." At the very moment when the deaf man recovered his hearing the well man became deaf! The malady had jumped from one tympanum to another, just as the rheumatism hops from joint to joint and from limb to limb.

## Cromwell's Army in the Cathedrals.

With regard to the general destruction of organs and choir-books by the Cromwell army, the following extracts from a rare and curious tract entitled "*Mercurius Rusticus, or the Country's Complaint of the Sacrileges, Profanations, and Plunderings committed by the Schismatics on the Cathedral Churches of this kingdom*," will show what barbarities were committed by them. Dr. Paske in a letter to the Earl of Holland says, "Sir Richard Lovesay, with many soldiers, came to our officers and commanded them to give up the key of the church (Canterbury Cathedral), when the soldiers entering the church, \* \* \* violated the monuments of the dead, spoyled the organs, \* \* \* forced open the cupboards of the singing men, rent their surplices, mangled all our service books, bestrewing the pavement with the leaves thereof." At Rochester, "they leave the destructive and spoyling part to be finished by the common soldiers; brake down the organs, and dashing the pipes with their pole-axes, scoffingly said, 'Hark, how the organs go.' They force open the doors of locks or desks, wherein the singing men laid up their prayer and singing books; they rent the singing books in pieces, and scattered the torn leaves all over the church." At Winchester, "they entered the (Cathedral) church with colours flying, drums beating, and their matches fired. \* \* \* They rode up through the body of the church and quire until they came to the altar; there they began their work; they pluck down the table and brake the rail; and afterwards carrying it to an ale-house, they set it on fire, and in that fire burnt the books of Common Prayer, and all the singing books belonging to the quire; they throw down the organ, and break the stones of the New Testament." At Westminster Abbey, the soldiers of Caewood's and Westbone's companies "were quartered in the Abbey church, where they brake down the rail about the altar, and burnt it in the place where it stood: they brake down the organ and pawed the pipes at several ale-houses for pots of ale. They put on some of the singing men's surplices, and in contempt of that canonical habit ran up and down the church; he that wore the surplice was the hare, the rest were the hounds." At Exeter Cathedral, "they brake down the organs, and taking two or three hundred pipes with them, in a scornful contemptuous manner went up and down the street, piping with them, and meeting with some of the choristers of the church, scoffingly told them, 'Boys, we have spoyled your trade, you must go and sing hot pudding pies.'" The same enormities were committed in nearly all the Cathedrals and Churches in England; indeed, so effectual had been the destruction of organs and choir-books that, (says Dr. Burney), "when the heads of the church set about re-establishing the Cathedral service, it was equally difficult to find instruments, performers' books, and singers able to do the requisite duty. For organ builders, organ players, and choir-men having been obliged to seek new means of subsistence, the former became common carpenters and joiners; and the latter, who did not enter into the king's army, privately taught the lute, virginal, or such miserable psalmody as was publicly allowed." Mathew Locke states (vide *Present Practice of Musick Vindicated*, p. 19, 12mo. 1673) that, "for above a year after the opening of his Majesty's Chappel, the orderers of the musick there were necessitated to supply the superior parts of their musick with *cornets and men's feigned voices*, there being not one lad for all that time capable of singing his part readily." The services and anthems at first chiefly used after the restoration, were those contained in



Barnard's collection, with such others as could be recovered in MS. till new compositions were added by the reinstated and new-appointed masters.

### English Glee and Madrigal Union.

We have much pleasure in observing the great and still growing success of this excellent society. Their concert at Willis's Rooms attracted an elegant assemblage, who crowded the room to the very doors, and listened with delight to a beautiful description of music, which is, above all others, most thoroughly and peculiarly English.

For three centuries the Madrigal has flourished in England. In the days of Queen Bess, to be able to take a part in a Madrigal, "after supper, when the books were laid upon the table," as old Morley says, was an almost indispensable accomplishment in good society. If you could not do this, people looked at you, and wondered "where you were brought up." And the madrigals of those days—first the works of great Italian masters imported into England, and then the works of Englishmen who rivalled the Italians themselves—are specimens of pure and beautiful vocal harmony, which the utmost efforts of modern composers have been unable to equal. A modern madrigal is like a modern statue—the highest praise you can give it is, that it approaches the antique. From the madrigal sprang the glee; a field of composition in which the most illustrious English musicians have won their brightest laurels. In this field we have a line of heroes, among whom we may reckon the names of Purcell, Arne, Webbe, Stevens, Callcott, Horsley, Bishop, and many others of scarcely inferior note, whose names will live forever in the annals of English music.

It is too much the fashion at present to exalt foreign musicians of all sorts, at the expense of our own. If foreign superiority is the rule, it is subject to an immense amount of exceptions, as could easily be shown. In no branch of the art is this so much the case as in the vocal harmony. The fancied superiority of the Germans to ourselves in this department is altogether a mistake. When the Cologne singers were here lately, they were praised as extravagantly as if vocal harmony had never before been heard in England. They did indeed sing together very beautifully, with remarkable care, precision, attention to the lights and shades of sound, and unity of effect. For all this they are justly praised; but then they were praised as if all these fine qualities had been hitherto unknown in England. For we have no hesitation in saying that our best English madrigal and glee singers not only sing as well, but sing much better music. The German part songs of the Cologne singers were not for a moment to be compared to the magnificent madrigals and glees of which England possesses such rich treasures; and, as to the manner of performance, it is sheer affectation to pretend that those foreigners excelled in any particular—in quality of voices—in purity of harmony—in delicacy, refinement, or expression—the glee and madrigal singers whom we heard yesterday.

At the concerts of this society, the glees and part-songs for solo voices are sung by its members—Mrs. Endersohn, Mrs. Lockley, Mr. Lockley, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. For the madrigals there is a chorus of sixteen additional voices, all of them excellent and well trained. The selection of yesterday was of the greatest interest. It included, among other beautiful things, Barnett's fine madrigal, "Merrily wake music's measure," Stevens's grand strain of solemn harmony, "The Cloud-capt Towers;" Cooke's lovely glee, as fresh as a spring morning, "Hark the lark at heaven's gate sings;" Bishop's (or rather Arne's, for Bishop has only added parts to it) "Under the greenwood tree;" Wilbye's "Flora gave me fairest flowers," an Elizabethan gem of the purest water; Linley's "Let me careless and unthoughtful lying," the finest modern madrigal extant; Horsley's exquisite glee "See the chariot;" and a new glee, by J. L. Hatton, "The hunt is up," a very clever composition, with a fine antique flavor.

Between the parts, Mr. Hatton played the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in C, one of

the beautiful set dedicated to Haydn, in so masterly a style that we for our part, would have been glad if he had gone on to the end. But this would have been at variance with one agreeable feature of these concerts—their brevity. They never last above an hour and a half, leaving the audience delighted without being sated, and desiring a repetition of the pleasure.—*London News*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 5, 1854.

### Editorial Correspondence.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., July 31, 1855.

It is the last of the long July days. So says the almanac, although there shall be more such days, nor is the glorious high noon of the year, we trust, nigh spent. Thank Heaven! we have realized the season, for these last few days. Faithless to musical Journalism and to you, dear reader, we have renewed our loyalty to Nature and to Summer, having had just truant energy enough to run away and touch and feel the reinvigorating earth again before all strength had ignominiously ebbed away from us in yon dull, poisonous atmosphere of city life. This day has been a day indeed! We have not drugged and sweltered through it in our hot little editorial sanctum there in School Street, (called *sanctum* for the same reason that the *auri james* is called *sacra*), tantalized to think how, one by one, the longed for summer days, life's golden opportunities, were slipping through our hands, and summer none the nearer for our so sweating in its warm embrace; nay, half repenting that dear love for Music which we had allowed to plant us there before that desk with pledge to write each summer week such meagre chronicles and speculations about her goings and comings, her fashions and her influences, or stupid epitaphs upon her absence, when we might better follow her free spirit, far away from her deserted artificial show places and theatres of gossip, to these breezy mountains and these meadows green and musical with waters and with "wood notes wild." These days have been too good to write about; that is, to journalize about: unless one could create them quite anew in some fresh form of Art or Poetry, their memory were more worthily embalmed in silence, their influence only ripening, one would fain trust, in his whole life henceforward. Yet somewhat we must write, to earn the sweets of this our brief vacation; even here, beyond sound of the locomotive's whistle, the musical journal has to be remembered, the printer must have "copy," and the kind friend who vicariously occupies our prison, while we wander free, must not be overtaxed. For this we violate the charm of silence and spoil the blessing of a beautiful, full day.

But you must come to us. Sit down with us upon the door step here of our friend's hospitable summer home, just as the sun of almost gorgeous day goes down behind the long level ridge of the superb Mote Mountain, that bounds the scene before us, its wooded wall upreared as for the walk of some angel sentinel that shall keep holy watch and ward all night over the lovely mountain-girded scene. A little later, one may almost fancy he perceives the sheen of the colossal armor gleaming up there in the starlight! Now

the sun sends mingled light and lengthened shadows over the picturesque labors of the hay-makers, in the broad, green, beautiful meadows that spread, a mile wide, waving with grass and grain and patches of glistening corn, clear to the mountain's feet, to the hieroglyphic rocky faces of the curious ledges, that form its out-posts in front, and to the winding Saco river, whose course is marked with gracefully overhanging elms and oaks and maples, that also stud the plain in scattered groups, and shade the brooks that ramble, musically gurgling, to the river. A lovelier plain was never spread before a poet's feet, to woo the willing thoughts abroad. A scene of plenty, purity and peace. On our right, in the north, loom the White Mountains, blue and misty and yet boldly outlined. There is Mt. Washington, rearing his broad Jove-like throne amid his great brothers and supporters; these, with innumerable lesser mountains (each Olympian enough when clouds cap and conceal the grander ones behind them) look solemnly and serenely down our broad valley, and look new meanings in the ceaseless changes of the air and light. Far to the south the saucy summit of Chocorua runs to hide behind the Mote, and the hills soften away in a series of smaller and smaller darkening mounds or humps, that answer to the description of the sea serpent's back. That way the Saco seeks its outlet to the ocean. Behind us, to the north-east and east, the panorama is framed by the double cone of Kiarsarge, upon whose topmost pinnacle you see the gleaming speck of its white Mountain House, and by the picturesque series of the Green mountains, two of which are parted by the romantic little ravine of the "Artists' Brook," as some have dubbed this favorite haunt of some of our best landscape painters and sketchers, whose Conway studies have for several seasons past enriched the picture galleries of Boston and New York.

Our friend's house, which is just back from the road by which the crowded stage loads of scenery seekers pass through to the Notch of the White Mountains, stands on a raised plateau that rims the meadow foresaid, and here now, on the door step sit we in the cool of the evening, filling sight and soul with all this beauty. The sun has gone down, and the new moon has lifted her pure silvery crescent from behind the Mote. We gaze upon it through the leafy arches of three tall, stately elms, that stand on guard upon the roadside just before the house. The world without makes music to the world within; the outward scene is like a glowing reflex of the soul's ideal and harmonious moods. Nature and conscious life are one. It seems just the spot where one—with fitting company—might realize a perfectly artistic life. Poetry might bathe her visionary eyes in ever new and quickening light, and choose her language out of the words which God's finger has traced in innumerable forms and types of beauty and of meaning all around her. Philosophy might meditate the problems of life and eternity, with every report of the five outward senses loyally conspiring, not disturbing. Art might illustrate and complete all with a human meaning, and realize the pictures and the statues and the noble edifices which it sees hinted in the landscape. For one, we would contribute far more readily, extravagant as it might be, to some colossal marble statue or architectural pile, that should cast its shadow yonder from the ridge

of the Mote mountain, than to that civilized absurdity of the Washington monument scheme at the Capitol. Music, of the rarest, highest, most artistic, would sound as fitting and as truly home-like here, as do the native birds and waterfalls. And worship finds a solemn, heaven-suggesting altar in each mountain height.

What music-lover has not often longed that he might hear the fine strains of the masters in the summer, in the open air, amid nature's free and grand surroundings, and not be doomed to know such chiefly in the ungrateful artificial limits of the concert room, with gas light and unsympathetic crowds. Here, by a rare luck, we taste this pleasure, this doubly perfect harmony. A piano, almost a rarer wonder here to simple villagers than the first locomotive, has but this day arrived, nor are there wanting cunning fingers to woo forth its music; and as our eyes range the meadows and the mountains, delicate strains of Chopin, nocturnes, preludes, and mazourkas, steal from the house and float like the voice of our own soul's selectest, inmost thoughts and feelings over the whole scene. And hark! now sister voices blend: the angel trio from "Elijah," *Lift thine eyes!* Were we not already lifting them, and to the mountains? And melodies of Robert Franz (*Nun die Schatten dunkeln*, &c.), as fresh and genuine and full of soul, and free from hack-nied commonplace, as if they had been born among these mountains, sing to us and sing for us, and bridge over that awkward chasm of conscious dumbness which sometime so painfully separates us from the life and soul of that outward beauty which seems to challenge us for something corresponding on our part. The fairest landscape dies and turns cold before us, and looks ghost-like and unreal, often, as the moon pales before the sun, for the want of something more than nature, such as friends, or Art, or intellectual study, or true worship, or some creative action or expression on our own part, which shall meet Nature half way and fulfil the purpose of her invitation. Such is Music to our idle group (and yet how richly occupied) beneath the moon and stars here this sweet evening.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, a bright windy day, when every leaf and blade of grass was stirring before the strong, purifying West wind that blew all day, and when all this motion strangely contrasted with the clear still blue sky above, and with the exquisitely white fleecy clouds that rested on the summits of Mt. Washington and of his lower neighbors, we strolled away over the meadows alone. It was a magnificent scene; the tall ripe grass, the corn and oats and bearded barley, bending and tossing in the wind about us, and running in incessant waves, which it was an inexhaustible delight to watch, and try to seize the outline of the law of such infinitely varied and yet unitary motion. It was Nature's best type of the Fugue in music; the same perpetual pursuit and tendency of many to one end, yet never ending. Our landscape artists, Kensett, Champney, Wild, Gay, Gerry, &c., long since found out the unrivalled beauty of these Conway meadows. Go down into them, at sunset, or what perhaps is better to one who has always kept on good terms with the sun, in the broad glorious noontide of one of these midsummer days, and you have all this near and level wealth of beauty, like a splendid panorama, with the mountain ranges grouped around in intersecting

circles upon all sides, and at such remoteness as to make many at once visible, and to frame a large and generous landscape. At the Glen House (which terminates upon the North the Eastern "Notch," or pass, of the White Mountains) you have Washington and Jefferson and Adams, all the northernmost and taller members of the grand chain rising abruptly at your very feet. It is sublime indeed; but you see that and only that. At the mountain hotels on the other side there is no view. If you ascend the mountain, weather favoring, you are of course repaid with such a heaving and tumultuous ocean sweep of mountainous country for miles and miles on every side below you, as makes it almost a duty that one owes to himself and to the best experiences of others, with which he should sympathize, to climb to it at least once in his life. But from these bolder, wilder, more adventurous sights, you come back to this quiet valley of North Conway, to taste a sweeter and more lasting satisfaction, in the centre as it were of the whole mountain panorama, where all the objects of your brave and blood-tingling excursions are saluting you continually, at a pleasant distance, and in familiar language, ever new, and ever sweetly, wonderfully modulated.

This little village is becoming famous for its beauty. Three or four summers since, it lived among the mountains here as modest and retired a life as any violet. Travellers to the White Mountains passed through on their way from the last stopping place at Conway corner, five miles south, admired its smiling meadows and the mountains looming in the distance on all sides, but thought not of it as a summer home. Young landscape artists were the first to linger here, upon their sketching rambles, tempted and detained by the ever-varied studies of clouds, hills, fields, trees, rocks, and waterfalls, here offered to their pencil on all sides. The pleasant little wayside inn of our friend Thompson, called the Kiarsarge House, or Eastman's, or snug farm-houses, here and there along the road, gave them a clean and hospitable home; and here it was that Kensett, Champney and others gathered much of the choicest honey hived in their winter studios, and exposed to tempt the eye in picture galleries. Summer after summer draws them still back to this hunting-ground of beauty, and with them others of their brother artists, with eager students, as well as non-performing lay lovers of the picturesque.

The rail-road whistle has not shrilled through this valley of the Saco. But our landscape artists have done for North Conway what the rail-road does for other inland villages. One by one their friends were drawn here by their glowing pictures and reports. Quiet lovers of nature, and good air and simple life, sick of the hot city, and with no taste for renewing winter's dissipations and fatiguing etiquettes at fashionable watering places, were glad to hear of such a spot; and year by year the villagers enlarge their premises, and study arts of hospitality to entertain the increased throngs of summer boarders. The only fear is that it will grow fashionable. Heaven forbid the questionable "improvement" of the modern monster hotel, and keep this sweet retreat sacred to the unfashionable joys of those who love Nature so sincerely as to seek her out and relish her plain fare!

Some of our Boston friends have already se-

cured permanent summer residences here. The artist, Champney, is established in his own snug cottage, on the slope of "Prospect Hill," which overlooks the valley and commands that fine view of Mt. Washington which both himself and Kensett three or four years since transferred so successfully to canvass. With busy Yankee ingenuity he has transformed an adjacent building into a spacious and artistic looking studio, which must naturally become a resort for students in landscape painting, offering the advantages of such a master and such a wealth of Nature's best material for study on all sides. Who knows but the Art annals of our country will one day contain a chapter on the Conwegan school of landscape painters!

In the latter half of September and October, Conway offers studies for a Titian. The luxury of color, when the leaves are changed, the mellow atmosphere, and hazy distances, might tempt forth the genius of a Titian here too; for who can doubt that, had that master been born under these skies instead of the Italian, he would have found in our New England October all the theme and inspiration he found there. For it is not beauty that is ever wanting, but the eye that sees. And this reminds us of a picture in our Athenaeum exhibition, which has attracted the attention of the "appreciative few," but probably has been passed over with a glance by many. It is called "Autumn," and represents a buxom, dark haired, rosy-checked New Hampshire girl just springing forward from a wood path, holding up her apron, from which falls a mass of ferns and maple leaves, scarlet and golden, in the most brilliant hues of Autumn. Colors so brilliant, indeed, were scarcely ever painted. The tall woods behind her, in their rich autumn foliage, finely contrasted with the grey trunks and mossy rocks, are true to the life. The foreground burns with here and there a scattered bit of minute scarlet foliage; to the right the view opens over rich brown meadows, to the wooded river and to the deep blue misty mountains; and over all is spread the perfect azure of our autumn sky, and the pervading golden tone and mellowness of fine October days. The exceeding brilliancy of coloring, in the detail, is well subdued and toned down in the general spirit of the picture, which betrays a true poetic feeling.

It is the work of one of our youngest Boston artists, Mr. H. G. Wild, hitherto known favorably by portraits, and by his genial, *con amore* reproduction of scenes from Gil Blas or Don Quixote, in which his voluptuous fancy might riot in the richest wealth of coloring, with a touch of humor at the same time. Landscape was almost new to him, and it would be strange if the connoisseurs did not see traces of inexperience in the execution of this picture. But that it shows a power of truly original, first-hand perception, an eye to true effect, a vein of fresh and individual imagination, a poetic temper, as well as a remarkably keen sense of color, which is perhaps the first thing with a painter, no one who really sees the picture can deny. We witnessed the inception and first sketching of the *motif* of this design, one rainy forenoon of last autumn in this very place; and rarely does it turn out, as in this case, that the charm of a first sketch, or of a half-finished picture, is not only not lost, but enhanced and fully realized in the completed work. Mr. Wild's progress as an artist seems as rapid as his love is



real, and his perception proof against the weakening power of imitation. May our friend's modesty forgive this perhaps over-frank outpouring!

The Editor of the *Home Journal* wonders much "that men should be at the trouble of thinking, in this hot weather, when there is so much thought 'pickled and potted,' and to be had for nothing, on the shelves of libraries—thought, on every possible subject, and not only 'as good as new,' but a great deal better." We were struck with the profound wisdom of these remarks; and yet, after drawing as much as we dared upon our library, were oppressed with the conviction that something was still to be done; and, while meditating, as the last resource of despair, a dissertation upon hand-organs, (the only music heard here in August,) most opportunely came to hand the pleasant editorial letter from the mountains, which we present as a leader. Not "*Lieder ohne Worte*," but full of good cheering words, breathing of mountain air and mountain music, and not a little refreshing to those obliged to inhale the sultry winds of August in the hot city. The *hiatus valde defendus* in our columns no longer exists, and we limit our labors to condensing the few items of musical intelligence that we have been able to glean during the past week.

### Musical Intelligence.

#### Local.

**THE OPERA HOUSE.**—The daily papers announce the return from Europe of the manager, Mr. Barry, who has engaged the following artists:—Mr. Bennett, of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, leading tragedian; Mr. Pauncefort, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, leading comedian; Mr. Wood, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, first low comedian; Mr. Biddles, of the Theatre Royal, York, eccentric comedian; Mrs. Kirby, of the London theatres, leading actress; Mrs. Wood, singing chambermaid; Miss A. Biddles, second comedy and tragedy; Miss C. Biddles and Mrs. Biddles. He also engaged the following singers for the Broadway Theatre:—Opera, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Pyne, first and second prima donnas; Mr. Harrison, tenor; M. Bassoni, basso. French ballet, under the direction of Mons. Sylvain.

**MUSIC ON THE COMMON.**—This meagre entertainment, perhaps however as good as the limited numbers composing the several bands can be expected to give, is continued on every Tuesday and Friday evenings on the Common; but the utmost efforts of twelve or sixteen instruments are almost overpowered by the noisy clamor of the boys who make up a large proportion of the assemblage. The police should see to it that the comfort of some thousands of people is not so completely destroyed by the rude and noisy demonstrations of this ill-mannered rabble, and that this thrifty entertainment provided by the city fathers is not entirely lost to those for whose pleasure it is designed.

**MR. WILLIAM MASON**, who has devoted several years in Europe to the study of music, and to developing his remarkable talent, returned in the Steamer Pacific. We learn from the *N. Y. Musical Review* that he will make his *debut* here, in his native city, where many friends will give him an enthusiastic reception. He will not commence his concerts before October.

The Boston correspondent of the same paper gives an account of the Melodeon Factory of Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, in Cambridge street, in this city, and speaks highly of their instruments, stating that by the aid of their new machinery, they will be able to turn out a better, truer, and more perfect reed, and consequently they will manufacture a better instrument. We regard any person who devotes himself to the improvement of this universally used and dismal instrument, as a public benefactor, and we doubt not that the enterprise of this firm will make all of it that can be made.

**NEW YORK.**—The *Tribune* tells us that the first performance of the opera of Masaniello at Castle Garden drew a fine, brilliant house.

"This masterpiece of characteristic music does so much for the singers that merely fair vocalization will carry it off successfully. The melodies are so fluent and symmetrical, and with intervals so easily apprehended, that they have long been popular; besides this, they have a further if not a deep dramatic meaning in the "Know-Nothing" political allusions which permeate their sentiment. The barcarole, for example, with its "take heed, whisper low," can be given with Shakspearean force, when the singer is up to his work.

There is always the virtue of proportion to be looked for in all art. The painter and sculptor require no interpreter—the composer, alas, does. Anything less, then, than his intention in the execution, and how differently he appears! Caricatured, mutilated, massacred, he may be, but the public generally lay the blame on the master and not on the man. The overture of *Masaniello* is an inspiration. It has, of course, certain orchestral proportions; at the outset, indeed, these exist. There is the hurricane-like shriek of a chromatic passage, where "the proper study of mankind, man," causes the composer to detail his orchestra in a suggestive manner, in the stringed instruments especially. These, however, are lost in the ponderous iterations of the brass instruments, which mark chords at the same time. So in the well-known air in the allegro, the pulsatile instruments overpower the melody; and the finale is little else than the noise of side drums. All these extra resources may suit an orchestra of over a hundred, but will not answer for one on the modest side of forty. They may be used in the latter case, but their strength require dilution. Why is not this obvious canon of criticism attended to?

Madame Maretzek sang her solo fairly, and was duly applauded. The Fenella of Mlle. Leeder was a pretty good bit of pantomime. The chorus went, for the most part, smoothly. The barcarole—the best ever written, or ever to be written, so full of national truth and dramatic beauty—was tamely given by Beraldi; in fact, he does not comprehend the music or the situation. They afford, at least, very fine scope for an actor's talent, and ought to be studied by him, at least to be endurable. The heroic duet which followed with Graziani was encoored. That is to say, in accordance with the cuts which are made throughout the Italian version of opera, the repetition of the duet-air in D is cut out, and the piece ends with the central cadence. The effect is good and complete, and not being too long, admits of a cut, and thus allows an encore, which was right heartily given by the large auditory. The effect of two such fine voices as the tenor and bass, executing popular thirds in melody, and roused by the muscular energy of a march-like movement, is irresistible with an audience.

**THE OPERA AT NIBLO'S.**—Here the fascinating Mme. ANNA THILLON is drawing enthusiastic audiences, and charming them with her performance of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," supported by Mr. Frazer, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Lyster. It is stated in the *Home Journal* that Mme. Thillon will not again appear upon the stage.

**THE BROTHERS MOLLENAUER.**—These most expert violinists have not left this country with the rest of Jullien's troupe, as has been supposed, but are to remain permanently in the United States. Their intention is to give concerts at the watering places this summer, and, in the autumn, to return to this city and establish a Conservatory of Music—at all events, a Musical School where instrumentation in all its branches will be practically taught; every instrument receiving their attention. Musical Composition in its various branches will also be regularly taught: so that we have the prospect of the establishment among us of a most useful, and much-needed practical school of Music. Success attend the brothers Mollenauer.—*N. Y. Mus. World.*

**CHAMBER CONCERT IN WORCESTER.**—To those who had the privilege of attending, the private chamber concert of Thursday evening was an event to be remembered. Two of our best pianists, with three lady singers, united in producing one of the best musical entertainments ever given in Worcester. The programme was more tasteful than the best that the Germanians ever gave us, and the performances were understood to have given the utmost satisfaction. To one who could not attend, there was some satisfaction in imagining the justice that the performers would be certain to do the following pieces, viz: Beethoven's Symphony in C; Schubert's *Ave Maria*; Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood;" Schubert's Serenade; Rich's Fugue in C minor; Mendelssohn's "I would that my love;" and Variations upon a March of Weber's.—*Wor. Pal.*

**ROSI.**—Another name associated with many pleasant memories, is now added to the list of the dead in the ill-fated Sontag troupe. It is stated that Signor Rosi, whom many of our readers will remember as a favorite basso, connected with several of the Italian opera companies at different times, has died in the city of Mexico. We are told that Sig. Rosi was educated for the bar, but being compelled by political troubles to leave his country, came here in 1847, having embraced the profession of a singer. His age was about 38.

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